TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 18.

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"TWO TO ONE!"

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THE SUNDAY WORLD HOS DOUBLE the CIR-CULATION of any ther Sunday newspaper in Europe or America

And the Circulation Books and Newsdealers' Orders are "OPEN TO ALL."

"MISS ESMERALDA."

If Miss Nelly Farren were informed that she was suffering from acute paronomasia, she would start in affright; if Mr. Leslie were acensed of the same misfortune, he would swear with his best comedy smile that there was som mistake: if it were boldly alleged that the whole Gayety Company, from its alpha to its omega, were inveterate paronomasiacs, Mr. C. Dundas Slater might come out with a card in every one of the papers, or two cards if possible. Let the accusation, therefore, be made quietly.

"Paronomasia," says Haven, "is a common species of wit, and the lowest in merit. It is the pun." I maintain that the members of the Gavety Company are the most abject slaves of the pun; they love it as the Chinaman loves his opium, and it is far more deadly in its effect. It blunts all the finer perceptions. It is the death-blow to wit, which is supposed to bring together thoughts, not mere empty words, into pleasantly unexpected association.

Miss Esmeralda," the original burlesque that was produced at the Standard Theatre last night, is far better than "Monte Cristo, jr.," inasmuch as it is less talky. It contains a few incidents that are genuincily funny, and it is less effort to laugh at "Miss Esmeralda" than it was at its predecessor. Don't imagine that you can go to the Standard and bubble over with mirth. That is not possible. I am quite sure, however, that with a little determination and a steady object in view you will find no difficulty Says Miss Farren:

There's splendid absinthe in the canteen yonder-Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder. And again:

When my meals were served by some official. I quote from memory in all reverence. There

s not quite as much paronomasia in "Miss Esmeralda" as in, "Monte Cristo, jr." The burlesque is founded upon Victor Hugo's story of "Notre Dame." Miss Nelly Farren appeared as Capt. Phoebus, and her clever ally, Fred Leslie, as Claude Frollo, Miss Marion Hood was Esmeralda, and Mr. Charles Danby. Gringoize. Miss Nelly Farren had very few on portunities. I begin to believe that she had all she wanted, however. Her "quiet" scenes were admirably given. She is a consummate comedienne. Her attempt at song was excessively painful. It reminded me of poor Aimee

at the end of her career. Miss Farren can dance with the best of them, and her costumes are wonderfully artistic. She made a delightful sicture in the robes of the arocat Fred Leslie was inimitable. He is a sort of De Wolf Hopper, tenderly chastened and minus the rough edges. His rendering of the song Kilaloo," which a select few heard at the Bijou Opera-House some time ago, when a little

lady called Tattersall appeared, caught the

house. Mr. Leslie did admirable work. At times

he will pall upon you, but that is the fault of the The dancing of Miss Lettie Lind and Miss Sylvia Grey was delightful. Nothing more effective in its way has been in this city for a very long time. Miss Lind and Miss Grey further more were beautiful to look upon, and their dresses were highly artistic. Mr. Fred Storey as Quasimode, the hunchback of Notre Dame contributed a neat little character sketch, as far as he was permitted to go, and Mr. Charles Danby extracted some humor from the part of

what may be called an alcoholic rôle.

The stage setting of "Miss Esmeralda" was simply perfect. It would be hard to imagine anything more exquisite. There was nothing lawdry about either costumes or scenery. They stood out pleasantly conspicuous in an atmosphere impregnated with paronomasia. That they fought their way successfully through this stifling mist is a fact worth noting. ALAN DALE.

Gringoire, if any humor can be extracted from

WORLDLINGS.

The brandy cigarette is the latest thing from Boston. It is made of tobacco that has been scaked in brandy, and the smoker is enabled to keep mildly intoxicated without touching a drop

Senator Sabin is a very popular man in St. Paul. He is hail fellow well met to all his friends and his good nature is infectious. Whenever he appears at the Merchants' Hotel he speedily becomes the centre of a crowd of in-

A Baltimore boiler-maker named Howe recently performed the feat of eating five dozen raw eggs, shells and all, on a wager of \$5. It took egg, and he washed the feast down with a pint

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

OW Couldock

Sold Impure Milk. Herman Monahan, of 47 Allen street, and Villiam Casey, of 344 Madison street, were held

WE HAVE WITH US A SPANISH DUKE AND HERE'S A JEST AND HERE'S A SMILE, FOR MURDERER DOREMUS TO PAY THE PEN- CAST BY "THE EVENING WORLD'S" BRIGHT GRANDEE OF THE FIRST WATER.

Pedro d'Alcantara Maria de Guadeloupe Teresa Isabella Francesco d'Assisi Gabriel Sebastian Christina de Bourbon Bourbon Duke of Durcal Is His Illustrions Name and He Has Pictures to Sell.

Pedro d'Alcantara Maria de Guadeloupe Teresa Isabella Francesco d'Assisi Gabriel Sebastian Christina de Bourbon y Bourbon. Duke of Durcal, Grandee of Spain, uncle to the infant Monarch, cousin to the Emperor of Brazil and the King of Portugal, accompanied by the Chevaliers Francesco Cambreling and Ramio Armindo are at the Victoria Hotel.

An Evening World reporter was this morning ushered to room 102, where a gentleman with a reddish beard, cut in Van Dyke style, stood bowing and smiling, meanwhile pouring forth a torrent of Spanish eloquence which the visitor vaguely understood to mean that the Duke was completing his toilet and would soon be at leisure.

While Chevalier Cambreling (for such he proved to be) was yet speaking, the object of his remarks entered—a medium-sized young man, aged about twenty-six years, with a dark mustache and side whiskers of that peculiar texture known in slang parlance as "loose chewing."

He was clad in a blue flannel coat, wide trousers and patent-leather button gaiters.

trousers and patent-leather button gatters. A dark plaid silk tie ornamented with a pearl scarf-pin completed his attire.

Placing both heels together, toes pointed at an angle of forty-five degrees, the Duke made a low bow, his arms hanging loosely by his side and his fingers nearly touching the floor in the excess of his obeisance.

As he straightened up he grasped the reporter's hand warmly and invited him to be seated.

seated.

The object of his visit is twofold, as he explained to the reporter, the first and most important of which is to sell his valuable collection of paintings and the other to see the

country.

When the subject of his pictures was introduced, the duke at once grew enthusiastic, and lighting cigarette after cigarette, he paced the room praising his gems of art, which comprise works of Rubens, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Morilla, Van Dyke and other equally noted old masters.

The entire collection numbers about one hundred and fifty paintings, one hundred of which arrived on the same steamer with the party, the estimated value of the lot being over \$1,000,000.

over \$1 000 000

ars, Roosevelt & Howland, the Beaver street commission merchants, are to act as his agents, and after being exhibited in the rooms of the American Art Association they

rooms of the American Art Association they will be sold at auction.

The Duke is not interested in American politics. "Our relations with this country have always been pleasant, no matter who is ruler," as be pleasantly expressed it.

The duration of his visit will be about four months, during which time he will make flying visits to Boston, Washington, Philadelphia and other large Eastern cities.

Contrary to expectation his wife, who is one of the leading beauties in the Spanish Court, did not accompany the Duke, much to the chagrin of our society belles, who were anxious to see a real live Spanish Duchess, and a renowned beauty at that.

Don Sebastian, the Duke's father, was at one time a near claimant for the throne of Portucal, being the son or Princess Beira, and the Infant Don Pedro of Portugal and Spain.

The Duke expressed great pleasure at the

Spain.

The Duke expressed great pleasure at the opportunity to visit this country, and was charmed with the scenery of the harbor as witnessed from the ship's deck. He will remain at the hotel to-day to receive visitors.

As the reporter took his leave the Duke again placed his feet in dancing position, bent his body almost to the floor and wished his visitor a graceful "adios."

THOSE EMPTY CHRISTMAS SOCKS.

If You Want to Really Enjoy Christmas You Should Fill a Pair of Them With Good

A Brooklyn Christmas Giver. To the Editor of The Frening World

The Christmas package idea is a good one. Count me in. A. G. G.,
500 Greene avenue, Brooklyn,

We Will Send an Address. To the Editor of The Evening World:

Mamma says I may ask you if you know or any little five-year-old child who wants a new pair of stockings to hang up for Santa Claus. I have knit them myself. I am eight years old. Pearl Judson, 46 Sixth avenue.

Will Do Good Privately.

I am good for a Christmas package. Please send me the address of a worthy case privately, and I will attend to it myself. But don't mention my name.

Mc. B., Brooklyn, E. D.

Open Your Purses. to the Editor of The Evening World:

The suggestion as to filling the empty stockings of the children of the poor is a good one, and worthy of THE EVENING WORLD, The plan proposed will enable many people who would like to do something at the Christmas season to accomplish the good purpose with the least trouble to themselves. I will undertake to fill one stocking. But what is one among so many? Let the men of means open their purses. Tompkinsville, S. I.

A Timely Hint to the Millionaires.

I am a daily reader of THE EVENING WORLD. As such I could not help noticing lately the many touching wishes and appeals to Santa Claus expressed by poor children and still poorer mother and fathers. My heart sched when I thought of my insbility to mildly intoxicated without touching a drop quor.

mater Sabin is a very popular man in St. It is a said his good nature is infectious, enever he appears at the Merchants' Hotel speedily becomes the centre of a crowd of instead listeners.

Baltimore boiler-maker named Hower ecently formed the feat of eating five dozen raw s, shells and all, on a wager of \$5. It took a two hours and one-half to reach the last, and he washed the feast down with a pint the of pure alcohol.

heart sched when I thought of my insbility to fulfil all the very mederate requests contained in those piteous letters. Yet, I have resolved to be santa Claus to at least one of the humble petitioners. And while thinking so, thus thought occurred to me: Could not a few plain words from a disinterested person touch some millionaire's peart, so that he would send a check of \$1,000 or more to The Evening World, to be devoted to be find the humble petitioners. And while thinking so, this thought occurred to me: Could not a few plain words from a disinterested person touch some millionaire's peart, so that he would send a check of \$1,000 or more to The Evening World in its columns. I am sure The Evening World in its columns. I am sure The Evening World giadly delegate some of its reporters to investigate the cases of the different parties, so that the money would be well applied. If a millionaire would be well applied. If a millionaire would be the send to fulfill all the very mederate requests contained in those piteous letters. Yet, I have resolved to be Santa Claus to at least one of the humble petitioners. And while thinking so, thus thought occurred to me: Could not a few plant words from a disinterested person to some of its reporters to investigate the cases of the different parties, so that the would be well applied. heart sched when I thought of my insbility One of the ministers present at the Congregational Convention at Janesville, Wis., was the Rev. Jeremiah Porter, who has preached the Gospel for sixty years. He delivered the first sermon preached in Chicago.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

Would do this he could have the consciousness that many a poor soul would bless his name; and he could ever after look back upon this Christmas as the one which in the end would yield him the purest enjoyment of all. Let the millionaires remember the needy, in the midst of their boundless wealth. I hope that these few words may fall upon fruitful ground.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

227 East Twenty-eighth street.

Peace, Umbrella and Window Broken. James McGuire, Thomas Kline and William O'Connor were held for assault at Essex Market this morning. They entered Henry Offerman's saloon, at 433 East Tenth street, last night, and refused to pay for drinks they had had. One of them broke an umbrells on the saloon-keeper, and a plate-glass window was broken in the moles.

Alexander's Pile Cintment. Money returned if one bottle fails to ours.



Miss Beaconstreet (from Boston)-Oh, Miss Lakeside, how lovely your park is in winter ! Why don't you Chicago ladies come here to practise walking on snowshoes?

Miss Lakeside—None of us girls like it here for eing. The trees are not wide apart. I see. One of your wide prairies would give

The Retort Courteous.

Dumley gave his seat in the horse-car to a ery swell colored lady, who thanked him and '' I'se sorry tew depra-ave yo' o' yo' eat, sah."
'' No depravity, I assure you, madame," said

Too Great a Risk. [From the Jewelers' Weekly.] Wife-Shall I put your diamond stude in you

shirt, dear ? Husband-What on earth are you thinking of Do you want to ruin me ? I have a meeting with my creditors this morning.

> A Muddy Country. [From the Pittsburg Chronicle.]

"The English troops who went to Egypt ac quired there a habit of turning up their trouser egs," remarked a Pittsburger who has just returned from London, where he noticed this peculiarity.
"How did they nappen to do that?"
"Because they found it quite Mahdi there."

A Musical Maiden.

Emily-I never knew that Eugenia Henshaw was a performer on a wind instrument.

Sophie-She isn't, is she? Emily—Why, yes. Ever since the arrival of the Duke of Mortar from England he has been very attentive to her, and she has simply been playing on his coronet.

[From the Merchant Traveler.] Judge Tobias Jenkins, who had saved nothing in his youth and who was far from economical in his old age, was warned by a travelling man that he would be buried at public expense if he was not eareful.

Do you really think so?"

Yes; you seem very much pleased over the

idea."
'I am. It's a tremendous satisfaction to feel that I'm the price of a funeral ahead."

[From Judge.]
At a school examination the principal, knowng that the members of the committee whose duty it was to assign the prizes were frequently annoyed by the importunities of parents, espe-cially recommended one pupil as having claims But in what do these claims consist?" asked

the chairman.

Valorous, but Discreet. [From the Chicago Tribune.]

Angry Woman (stopping in front of building) John, this is where the Yeiper is printed. That editor'll never call a reception at my house Husband (bursting with rage, but retaining his presence of mind)—Maria, I'll stay out here to see that no one enters to interupt you. Here's the cowhide. Lay it on well—the cowardly secundre! shindig again—the villain! Have you the cow-nide all right? Come on. We'll go in!

A Joke with Its Toes to the Daisies.

Jones, who has lately lost his father, wears a deep "weed" on his hat, but no other sign of mourning. The other day he called to see his finncee, and, seeking sympathy for his severe cold, the keen young woman remarked: "It isn't serious, Hartholomew, for, like your mourning, I see it is confined to your head."

What He Had to Say.

[From the Merchant Traveler.]
'I've something to tell you," he bashfully said,
And his face turned a lobster-like hue;
'I'm sure you ne'er guessed" there his color all
fled)
What I'm going to mention to you."

We've long known each other (his listener's look
Encouragement gave to proceeed),
And I trust that true friendship will aid you to

E'en impertinence, should there be need.".

Believe me," said she, with a love-wafting "Whate'er you may say, I'll not frown." He gasped—in confusion he stood for a while— "Your back hair is all coming down!"

If But. [From Indge.]

It was of lace, a handsome dress, Upon the velvet sofa lying. I touched its folds and must confess, My love aflame, I fell to sighing. And then the thought came unto me, (Upon the dress ought I not pin it?) How much more beautiful 't would be. If but my charming Nell were in it!

Vunkee Doodle.

Yankee Doodle.

[From London Punch.]

Yankee Doodle comes to town,
Possessed of many a "pony;"
Bringing his lovely daughter with
A view to Mattri-mo-ny,
Yankee doodle-doodle-doo!
The dollars come in handy,
Even to Dooks who have too few,
But know the Ars Amandi.

Yankee Doodle rails at rank, That is for home consumption; But at swell relatives the Yank Don't kick—he's too much gumption, Yankee doodle-doodle-doo! Love is sweet as candy, His daughters "reckon" blood that's Scarce spoils the British dandy.

Pale Sympathy.



Miss Brumley (who is paying the penalty of very late party the night before)-Oh; if I only had something for my head!

Her Cold-Blooded and Extremely Dense Friend

Why can't you make over that close-fitting little violet bonnet? You always looked so well; in
it, you know.

Since He Abandoned Hope He Has Taken Up Religion, and His Spiritual Wants Are New Attended to by Three Ministers George as Well as the Lad Jacob.

John Myers Doremus will be hanged tomorrow morning in the Bergen County Jail yard, in Hackensack, N. J.

He is about fifty-two years old and is a good-looking, well-built man, about the medium size, with clean-shaven face and a luxuriant growth of hair that is slightly tinged with gray. He is a descendant of what was at one time a wealthy and powerful family, known and respected throughout New

He murdered his twenty-year-old son. Jacob Bogart Doremus, on the 7th of June last, under the following circumstances. Doremus had been working for John Conklin, who had the contract for watering the

streets of Hackensack. Doremus drove one of the watering carts. He returned to his home, a pretty frame cottage on State street, about 6 o'clock, of a

Saturday evening. His wife was sitting on the wooden steps. in the rear of the house, talking to a neigh-

Doremus had been drinking. He passed the women without a word and went into the house. A few minutes later he was heard

" Where is my underclothing?" "You know where it is as well as I do," returned his wife. Doremus came as far as the mosquito-net-

Doremus came as rar as the mosquito-netting back door and said:
"I don't. I want you to get it, — you."
"I won't do it," she returned.

Just then their son Jacob, the main support of the family, returned from his work in the machine shops. He was whistling gayly:
As he passed his mother he kissed her and threw his week's salary into her lap.

As he passed on to go into the house his father came out on the porch with a dipper of water in his hand.

of water in his hand.

Before any one could interfere he dashed the water all over his wife, saying: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." of water in his hand. The near woman burst into tears. Her friend hastily fled home. The son, seeing his mother thus humilitaed, became white with rage. His eyes fairly blazed with anger as he followed the stalwart form of his father into the house.

When he spoke he did so very calmly. He

said:
"We have had too much of this, father.
You must keep your hands off my mother."
"Shut up, you — ... If you don't I will put you beside your brother." He reterred to another son, George, who

He referred to another son, George, who died three years ago, very suddenly.

"You won't do anything of the kind. Furthermore, if you ever abuse my mother again I'll have you arrested and bound over to keep the peace," returned the young man. Doremus then became enraged. With an oath he sprang at the lad and attempted to choke him. The boy was quite his equal in strength.

strength.

Round and round the room they struggled.

The elder man was getting the worst of it.

Exerting all his strength, he suddenly shoved the boy back against the table on which the knives and dishes were set for With the rest there was a large carving-

Doremus managed to get this, and instantly plunged it up to the hilt in his son's left breast The poor lad then broke away from him, screaming "Mother, mother!"

He burst headlong through the screen door, staggered down the steps and along a board walk to a point midway of the house, where he fell on the grass behind the walk and a wooden fence and expired.

His mother had meantime alarmed the neighborhood. Her husband was arrested and taken to jail.

The trial was one of the most constitution.

The trial was one of the most sensational

ever heard in Bergen County.
It did not last long, however.
Mr. Campbell devoted his entire time to the case, leaving no point uncovered, and it men and boys who were standing in front of was concluded in a day and a half. was concluded in a day and a half.

The murderer's defense was: "I was drunk and did now know what I was doing."

Slim even as this excuse was, Mr. Campbell refuted it. He produced testimony showing that while Doremus had been drink.

ing, he was not intoxicated. The jury returned within four hours with a verdict of The prisoner's lawyers tried to get Dore-mus a new trial, and failed.

The Court of Pardons was next appealed to for a commutation to life imprisonment.

That heady refused to murder in the first degree.

That body refused to interfere, Gov. Green could not commute without their cons n all human probability Doremus dies to-While in prison the murderer has been

noted for his cool, indifferent demeanor.

While ever there was a chance of saving his life he refused all religious consolation.

When the last hope was gone, however, he sent for ministers in every direction

During the past two weeks the Rey. J. E. Voorhis, of Hackensack, and the Rev. Mr. Walcott, of Rutherford, have been in constant attendance on him. Yesterday he sent for still another minister to Englewood.

He says that he tongs for the hour of death to arrive, feeling satisfied that he will go direct to heaven. ect to heaven. His wife with her thirteen-year-old daugh-

left Hackensack before her husband'

ter left Hackensack before her husband's trail took place.
She went to Elkhart, Ind., and remained there with a son until she heard that her husband would be hanged. Then with her little girl she hurried East again.
They arrived last Friday, and went at once to the jail. The meeting between the three was very affecting. All the dreadful past was forgotten for a few moments, while they went together in each other's arms. They will meet once more on earth, to day.
Sheriff Demarest has completed all arrangements for the execution. The gallows will be erected to-day. It is the same that was used to hang Rugg, the negro thug, in Long Island City, and Cisco, the boy murderer, here.

Island City, and Cisco, the boy murderer, here.

It has not yet been decided whether Joe Atkinson or Van Hise, the New Jersey hangman, will officiate. The hour of execution has not yet been made public.

The murderer's grandfather. Judge Dorelmus, was the owner in olden times of a line of stages that ran from New York City to Albany and another from Hackensack to Hoboken. He was immensely wealthy, and at his death divided a round sum between a large family of sons and daughters.

John Myers Doremus was born in the old Wilson mansion, which was built with the expectation of becoming the nucleus of Rutgers College. Col. Wilson never saw his hopes realized and died a misanthrope.

In his young days Doremus had money. He lived a fast life, though, and soon dissipated what little fortune he had. Then he learned the mason's trade. He married a Miss Campbell, who is very well connected socially.

He did not prove to be a good husband. Since the murder of his son, Jacob, it has been whispered that he also killed the other boy, George, who died rather suddenly three ears ago.
At this trial it was brought out that his

father had struck him on the head with a lamp and that this caused his death. Loremus eats and sleeps well. Sheriff Demarest thinks that he will go through the ordeal unfinchingly.

Two Things That Cannot Agree. A cough or cold and RIERE's EXPECTORARY, Insist on having RIEER's and you are positively sure of perfect satisfaction. 353 0th ave., near 23d st.

FROM DON QUIXOTE'S LAND. THE WORLD OF MERRIMENT. HE MUST DIE TO-MORROW. SIDE-LIGHTS ON CITY LIFE. Holiday Presents!

PENCIL SHOVERS.

A Handy Old Gentleman Who Read Character at the Billiard Table.

"Did you ever notice how a man's temperament can be judged from the way be plays a game of billiards ?" asked an old gentieman of an Evening World reporter, as they stood looking at an interesting gamwhich was being played in a downtown billiard parior.

Receiving a negative answer, the old

Receiving a negative answer, the old gentleman continued:

"Now, just watch that short man when he makes a shot."

The little man referred to was just preparing to play. It is brow was wrinkled and his lips compressed. Hardly had he struck the ball when he began a series of gymnastics as he watched its course around the table. His body bent first to one side, then to the other. he watched its course around the table. He hody bent first to one side, then to the other. The cue was tightly clasped to his breast, horizontally, and when finally the cue ball slowly travelled towards the light red, he drew his right knee up almost to a level with his chim.

his chin.

The shot was a failure by a hair's breadth, and an expression of the keenest disappointment spread on the player's face, as he resumed his normal attitude.

'What does that signify?' asked the old gentleman triumphantly, and without waiting for an answer he continued: 'Nervousness—excessive nervousness, and a sensitive disposition. Quick to take offense, and easily discouraged. A man that can make himself utterly miserable by worrying over trifles. Now watch his opponent."

This was a tall, slender young man, who,

trifles. Now watch his opponent."

This was a tall, slender young man, who, after casting a rapid glance at the position in which the balls lay, struck the cue-ball a quick blow and, hardly pausing to observe the effect of the shot, moved to the opposite side of the table and began chalking his cue, while the ball, having ceased its syrations, stopped evidently just where he expected it would.

Several more more than the state of the short of

Several more successful shots were made the young man displaying the same coolness and off-hand manner in each instance, and apparently not caring whether they were suc-

cessful or not.

"Confidence," said the old gentleman,
"and yet a vein of carelessness in his disposition. You can set him down as an easygoing sort of a chap, who never borrows
trouble, but lets to-morrow take care of itself.
Confidence in himself is a prominent characteristic, and he will succeed in life by

that means, his greatest enemy being his own good nature. He would make a good friend and w very good enemy, as he can bear no "But there's a study for you in that man," indicating a thick-set individual at an adjoining table.
"Note here's a study for you in that man," indicating table.

ing table.

Note how carefully he plays each shot, showing no emotion, whether he is successful or not. Bulldog determination is shown in every action, and he is withal a careful business man, neat and tidy in his habits, and punctual as to engagements. A man capable of forming great plans and carrying them out.

capable of forming great plans and carrying them out.

"A great difference is seen in that young man at the next table to him. He holds his cue as though afraid of it, makes each shot uncertainly, every now and then glancing anxiously at his opponent's string.

"Fear of defeat, or failure would prevent him from energing in any large any level.

him from engaging in any large entryrise, and many opportunities to succeed in life would be neglected for the same reason. He possesses little or no ambition, and is inordinately selfish. If he wins that game it will be a cause for boasting to his friends.

There is still another type of character displayed in that gentleman at the end table. He plays as though the whole thing bored him infinitely, and he would be glad when it was over. He appears to have a craving for some excitement, a restless disposition and hard to please. In short, he is what in slang parlance would be termed a crank. You are acquainted with him?" asked the old gentlement as the chief of his parameters have the chief.

man, as the object af his remarks bowed to the reporter.

Upon receiving an affirmative reply, the cld geutleman said: "Well, I am sorry if I have spoken slightingly of your friend, but confess: Have I not hit his nature correctly?"

rectly?"
"You have," was the simple rejoinder. The Two Ferrets, the One Rat and the

Enger Crowd. One afternoon an Evening World reporter's attention was attracted by a crowd of a little yellow-front store on Fulton street.

got within a few feet of the window, and by standing on his tip-toes he discovered the sight which had attracted so many people.

In the window were two ferrets. They were of a light brown in color, and their heads were small in comparison with their bodies.

A clerk in the storehad just thrown a lease

A clerk in the store had just thrown a large ratin their cage, and the luckless rodent was trying his best to get away from his enemies; but with a little spring one of the ferrets caught him in a corner and fastened its teeth in the rat's neck. teeth in the rat's neck.

The other ferret seized the rat just a little further down the back near the tail, and the two assailants started a tug-of-war, each pull-

The tortured rat at last sank into death, the

A Six-Foot Specimen of an Old-Time Fish-

erman's Haul. A big fish can be seen in Tom Conroy's window, on Fulton street. It is a tarpon, and has been preserved by the drying-out process.

The tarpon is a species of the herring family, and this specimen is 6 feet 5 inches long and weighs 140 pounds. It is of a light silver shade, with occasional patches of black.

This large fish was caught near Punta Rassa, Fla, by W. H. Wood, an old-time fisherman, who takes a trip to the Southern

JUDGMENT AGAINST STEPHEN DORSEY.

The Eminent Star-Router Failed to Take Up n \$10,000 Note. Star-Router Stephen W. Dorsey has failed to meet and satisfy one of his notes on its ma-

turity, and now he is a judgment debtor to the amount of \$7,870.

The judgment was docketed in the County Clerk's office yesterday in favor of the American Loan and Trust Company, and the judgment roll tells this story:

On April 20, 1888, Dorsey made a note for \$10,000, payable to himself at the American Loan and Trust Company in sixty days. The note matured, but was not paid.

Aug. 7 the Senator made a partial payment of \$2,496,25 and the Trust Company had to sue for the balance. Dorsey allowed judgment to be taken by default. turity, and now he is a judgment debtor to the

A BANKRUPT'S SUICIDE.

Tailor Jacobs Shoots Himself After the Sheriff Sells His Stock. Morris Jacobs, forty-seven years old, of 119 East One Hundred and Tenth street, shot

himself dead at his home this morning. He was a tailor, doing business at 114 Fulton Two weeks ago Jacobs failed. His store was closed, and last Wednesday the stock was sold at Sheriff's sale. An employee said this morning that Mr. Jacobs's indebtedness amounted to \$25,000.

A Prominent Fourth Warder Dend. George Wilson, an old resident of the Fourth Ward, who was prominent in politics for many years and was a member of the General Commit-tee of the County Democracy, died at his home, 33 Oliver street, late last night of pneumonia. He was for many years a court officer in General Bessions and lately was attached to the Navy-Yard. The funeral will take place Thursday afternoon.

What Shall We Give? The Waterbury Watches Answer That.

THREE STYLES!!! THREE SERIES!!!

Every Retail Watch Dealer Keeps THE WATERBURY WATCHES.

Ask your watch-dealer to show you "THE LADIES' WATER BURY," "SERIES L," PRICE \$4.00; THE NEW SHORT WIND WATERBURY, "SERIES J," PRICE \$4.00; THE LONG WIND WATERBURY, "SERIES E," PRICE \$2.50.

ACCURATE AND RELIABLE.

"CORRECT TIME FOR A LITTLE MONEY."

Remember that the Waterbury Watches are for sale only by REGULAR RETAIL WATCH DEALERS.

THE EAMES FAMILY TROUBLE.

Carpenter Says There Were No Cracks in That Bedroom Door, but There Were Newly Bored Auger-Holes-The Vehement Testimony of a Former Servant-

The chronicles of the day are not quite reditable to the City of Churches.

Sitting in the Brooklyn Supreme Courtoom, in which Justice Willard Bartlett is to-day listening to the unspeakable details of the marital troubles of Frank M. Eames and Emma L. Eames, his wife, were bluff Willtam F. Howe and sleek and dapper Jockey Jimmie McLaughlin.

As soon as the dirty linen of the Eames's has been thoroughly aired the case of Nelson King against Jockey McLaughlin will be iaken up, and it bids fair to be one of the most sensational of this era of sensation-

Mr. King appears as an injured husband,

whose proud and sensitive heart has been

damaged to the extent of \$25,000, which sum he demands from the jockey for the aliena-tion of the affections of his wife, who has a bouse at 3 Verona place, Brooklyn, under her maiden name of Libbie Curtis, and has boarded the little jockey there for more than a year.

boarded the little jockev there for more than a year.

William A. Copp of this city, is prosecuting King's claim, and they will attempt to show that the separation of McLaughtin and his wife a year ago, when he gave her \$15,000 in cold cash, was caused by his intimacy with the fair wife of the plaintiff.

Mr. Howe, however, declares the prosecution to be an attempt to blackmail the jockey. Lawyer Charles J. Patterson concluded his case in behalf of Frank M. Eames yesterday afternoon. Kitty Hoye and Aunie Scriven, the afternoon, Kitty Hoye and Aunie Seriven, the servants in the Eames household for two

afternoon, Kitty Hoye and Aunie Seriven, the servants in the Eames household for two years, testifying to many questionable performances of Mrs. Eames and her young brother, George P. Hamilton.

The servants had seen them several times in most compromising situations, the details of which were related circumstantially, while twenty other women listened eagerly from seats in the auditorium.

The opening of Court this morning found another throng of people, including another score of women and two girls of not more than fifteen years, at the doors.

They were all admit ed, and again they listened to most startlingly realistic relations. For the defense, a man named Savage, who had done work in the Eames house, testified that there was no crack in the bedroom door at that house through which Annie Seriven could possibly have seen what was going on could possibly have seen what was going on inside, as she had related, but that in Novem-ber he found fresbly bored holes in the door. a little yellow-front store on Fulton street.

Elbowing his way in among the people he got within a few feet of the window, and by standing on his tip-toes he discovered the sight which had attracted so many neople.

servant in the house Eames often inquired of her as to how his wife and George Hamilton acted together and wanted her to act as his spy on Mrs. Eames. Miss Dorian first served the Eameses in 1884, and she related jealous acts of Eames against George Hamilton, who was then "only a little boy, playing around with Mrs. Eames's children." Under cross-examination Miss Dorian de-clared that the bedroom which has been in

Under cross-examination Miss Dorian declared that the bedroom which has been in controversy throughout the trial was used as a sitting-room. She got full of wrath at the cross-examiner, Mr. Patterson, and almost shrieked: "Don't think that I am here to be made a tool! I am telling the truth and nothing else."

She was as much of a partisan in behalf of the wife as the other two servants had been for the husband. She declared that George had never gone into that room with Mrs. Eames, so far as she knew. It was the only sitting-room, and had a stove in it.

The bedroom-sitting-room door was sometimes closed, but never locked, and the children were usually there.

Lawer Patterson insisting on calling this room a bedroom, and the witness just as

room a bedroom, and the witness just as tenaciously calling it the sitting room, a war of words ensued, and Justice Bartlett interfered, to oblige the unfair cross-examiner to be more fair, and the hot and excited young woman shouted: "Judge, I am telling the truth, honest! I wasn't there to watch Mr. Eames or Mrs. Eames; but I know there was no wrongdoing there."

no wrongdoing there."
George Hamilton sometimes left the honse by the back way. He lived with his mother, next door, and by jumping the fence or passing through a hole where two pickets were out he reached his own yard.

Much ado had heretofore been made over the fact that George Hamilton had frequently left the house by the back way, clambering over a high fence, and it had been deftly insinuated that this mode of exit was adopted to evade the returning husband.

to evade the returning husband. Clarence H. Clayton. of 242 West Fifty-second street, New York, next took the stand o account for the whereabouts of George Hamilton during to account for the whereabouts of George Hamilton during most of the days which he was said to have spent with his sister. He was the employer of Hamilton, and stated that the youth was employed from 9 a. M. to 6 p. M. in June and July, 1887, the months in which the servants yesterday claimed that he was a daily visitor to his sister. He had a half holiday about every two months.

Hamilton's doings on July 4, 1887, the day when, according to Kitty Hoye, he and Mrs. Eames were caught by her in a most embarrassing situation, were accounted for by Alfred G. Cole, a photographer.

He testified that on that day Hamilton was with him' at Fort Hamilton all day, from early morning till 8.30 in the evening, when he left him in Brooklyn.

he left him in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Fames herself next took the stand.

She was wan and haggered in appearance, her lips almost blue and her form trembling with emotion as she testified in a low, musi-Pains and Aches

in various parts of the body, more particularly in the back, shoulders and joints, are the unwelcome indications that rheumatism has gained a feetbald, and you are "in for it" for a longer or shorter period. Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood, and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which neutralizes the acidity and stradicates every impurity from the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

THE WIFE ON HER DEFENSE. | cal voice. She wore a gown of bottle green Henrietta clo h. a seal-plush cloak and a green bonnet, with old gold trimmings.

Mrs. Eames described her house, told of her mother's illness and of other minor de-

Mrs. Eames described her house, told of her mother's illness and of other minor details.

Then she said that in October, when Annie Scriven locates the ill behavior to which she c'aims to have been an eye witness, her baby was only four weeks old, and she was then and for a month after in very poor health.

"George called every morning," said the witness, "He came to get toast which I fixed for my mother, who was then very sick and had no nurse or help.

"My brother George came into my bedroom, of course, at these times. But my baby was there in his cradle, and little Clarence, only three years old, was playing about the floor. I do not know what I was doing at the particular times of which Annie Scriven speaks, for I did not commit the acts she speaks of, and had no reason for remembering what I did.

"I always was very careful to leave my doors open, because I had been so much questioned by my husband about my relations with my brothers, William and George. I think he began to question me about William in 1881, just about when my oldest boy was born."

FIREMEN ARE INDIGNANT.

A Clothing Firm Accuses Them of Stealing The members of the Fire Department who answered the alarm of fire Monday morning at 160 and 162 Crosby street, are indignant at the charges made by the firm of Hyams Brothers &

Co., the clothiers who occupy the second loft, that the firemen made away with some of their that the firemen made away with some of their property.

Engine Company 33 and the fire patrol located in Great Jones street were the first on the ground, and the officers of both companies declare it impossible that any members of their commands should have carried off the clothing.

Yesterday Mr. Hyams claimed that three overcoats had been stolen, but when an Evening Women reporter called on him this morning he raised the number to seventeen.

The Fire Marshal will investigate the charges at once.

MURDERER CAROLIN EXCITED. He Makes a Little Scene in the Court of

What is likely to be the closing day of the trial of Ferdinand Carolin for wife murder began to-day in Oyer and Terminer by the production on

Oyer and Terminer.

day in Oyer and Terminer by the production on the stand of several witnesses who testified to the good character of the accused previous to the crime.

One of them, Oscar Zimmerman, said that all of Caroliu's relatives were crazy, particularly a cousin, who struck a woman and then tried to hang himself.

At this point the prisoner exclaimed, excitedly, in German: "You're a liar! He says that my cousin killed a woman. He lies!"

Judge Van Brunt directed an officer to put a hand to Carolin's mouth if he did not keep quiet.

Dr. John G. Truax testified that he had examined Carolin and found him perfectly sane. The prisoner's counsel then began his address to the jury.

A Pleasant Husband and Father. John Timbrook, who was an obstinate wit-

ness before Recorder Smyth, in General Sessions last week, was arraigned at the Essex Market Police Court this morning, on a charge of wife-beating.

On the occasion of his visit to Recorder Smyth's court his son was on trial for burglary. He was the complainant, and he showed such spite against his son, whose innocence was proclaimed by his mother, that the son was acquitted and the father was himself locken up in the Tembs on a charge of perjury.

He subsequently cleared himself of the charge and went to his home at 72 Lewis street.

During the absence of his wife last night he entered his apartments, broke the furniture and when his wife upbraided him he threatened to kill her. sions last week, was arraigned at the Esser

kill her.

Justice Gorman sent him to the workhouse for The Closing Quotations.

neron Coal orado Coal & Iron... solidated Gas... Lack. & Western... aware & Hudson... T., Va. & Ga. 2d pid... Harlom.
Illinois Central
Kingston & Pembroke
Lake Shore.
Lake Erie & Western pfd.
Louisville & Nashville. arshall Cost. emphis & Charleston.... reliall to the control of the contro hio a Susanian (1) him (1) his in Mining (1) his

WHEAT,—May opened weak at \$1.11, \$66. below last night's closing. After advancing to \$1.11\delta\$, the quotation fell to \$1.11\delta\$, at which it was quoted at noon. Jan. opened at \$1.05\delta\$; March, \$1.05\delta\$; June, \$1.10\delta\$. Liverpool quiet.

March, \$1.085; June, \$1.1091. Liverpoquiet.
COTTON-Opened steady at 1 point decline.
Dec., 9.47; Jan., 9.50; Feb., 9.63; March.
9.75; April, 9.87; May, 9.47; June, 10.07;
July, 10.14; Aug., 10.19. Liverpool quiet.
COTTOR-Opened nim, 10 to 20 points of.
Dec., 14.50; Jan., and Feb., 14.60; March.
14.65; April and May, 14.70; June and July.
14.75; Aug., Sept. and Oct., 14.80; Nov.,
14.90. Hamburg quiet. Havre nrm.

Philadelphia & Reading Quickeilver. Rich. & West Point Ter. pfd St. Paul & Omaha. St. Paul & Omaha. St. Paul & Omaha. St. Paul & Dulath. St. P., Minn. & Manitoba. St. Louis & San Fran. pfd. Texas Pacific. Tenn. Coal & Iron. Union Pacific. Wabash. St. L. & Pacific. Wabash. St. L. & Pac. pfd. Western Union Telegraph. Western Union Telegraph. Western Union Telegraph.

for trial at Essex Market this morning on a